George Turner.
Div. 5. Rm 12

CAMOSUN

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The CAMOSUN

VOLUME XVI. APRIL, *1924* NUMBER 2

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"Khoori"—A True Story of India

THE velvety blackness of the Indian night had settled over the jungle, and the weird cries of the night beasts filled the air. At the edge of the bushland a camp-fire burned, and round it, their faces lighted up by the blaze, were seated six men. Five of them, who were middle-aged, had seen the hardships which attend the lives of those who live and fight in India, and the other was a young man of twenty-one, fresh from England and college.

They had just returned after a week of successful leopard hunting, and were spending the last night in relating stories and Indian legends. Marlow, the retired District Superintendent of Police, had just told a strange tale of Indian superstition, and Watson, the young Englishman, laughed good-naturedly and called it "foolishness."

"Don't you be too sure, my lad," said Marlow seriously. "By the way, that reminds me of the story of young Rothby"——

A chorus of "Let's hear it," interrupted him and when they had all settled themselves to hear it, he began:

You will all remember Judge Rothby, who was so loved and respected by the natives. After he had retired, his son came out to India as an officer in the army. He was a hot-blooded young fellow, fresh from home, and quite unused to native customs; as a matter of fact this is what proved his undoing, and caused his tragic death.

Coming in rather late one night, he took a short cut through the native compound, and as he was hurrying along an Indian bumped into him from behind a tent, causing him to stumble and fall.

Young Rothby, being rather fiery, jumped up and accused the native of doing it on purpose. The native replied, "I am sorry, sahib, I did not see you." "I'll teach you to lie to me," Rothby yelled, and sent his fist crashing into the man's face. The native pitched backwards and, in falling, his temple struck the butt of a gun on the ground. Rothby strode on and forgot the incident.

Next morning the native was reported dead. The matter was hushed up, but one day the native's brother approached Rothby and said, "Sahib, you killed my brother." Rothby treated the matter with indifference, and threw him a handful of rupees, a foolinsh thing to do under the circumstances. For a reply the native turned and spat upon the money.

The next day we moved camp and when we were crossing a gully young Rothby was ahead, when a boulder came hurling down and fell about six feet in front of his horse. We thought it was an accident, but twice it happened in the same pass. Well, to make a long story short, there was a series of attempts upon his life in various forms—all native in character. In an endeavor to put an end to this we camped in an old compound surrounded by a high wall. We placed Rothby, for protection, within the old native church, which is inaccessible from the outside. As D. S. P., I was called upon to look into the matter. I went and examined the place with some of my

men. From the outside this wall was inaccessible without a high ladder. At a glance I saw, with a few guards, not a soul could enter the compound.

I went back to the Colonel, and, together we saw Rothby, who was retiring in one of the rooms overlooking the wall. For two or three days nothing happened and then one morning young Rothby called us and as we went in I looked at my watch. It was 4 a.m. Just one hour before dawn. With horror written all over his face he pointed speechless to a shadow on the wall. I looked, and there clearly outlined, was a hand and part of the wrist. The hand clutched a peculiar double curved dagger. I stood up and looked out of the only small window the room possessed. There was not a soul in sight. That night I placed guards outside the wall and within the church, but at 7 a.m. when I entered his room there lay that accursed hand holding the dagger, only this time some inches lower, also it was directly over his bed. The next night I doubled the guards, and ordered Rothby to shift his bed. But at precisely the same hour the hand appeared on the opposite side of the room, directly over his bed. I stood there doubting my own sanity. Despite every precaution, we could not rid that damnable shadow. It followed him from one room to another, each night two inches lower. It was appalling. The last night he had moved back to his original room, for it was absolutely impossible to enter it from any point outside, but that night, to our horror, we discovered that the shadow lay directly above his body. It had during the past week described a semi-circle, commencing at the window and finishing barely two inches above his body. During the day the surrounding woods were scoured, and the room was ransacked, but nothing was found.

On that fateful night young Smithers, Rothby's chum, sat opposite the window with a .44 in his hand. Every sentry was ordered to shoot at anything suspicious at the first move. As the night passed we waited—one, two, three passed, and then the moon slowly rose in a ghostly mist. The stillness was almost deathlike. Three-thirty passed, and I must have fallen asleep after this for I awoke with a piercing scream ringing in my ears. I tore madly into Rothby's room, revolver drawn, and started back aghast, for he lay on his bed, his face contorted with unspeakable horror, and a dagger plunged to the hilt in his heart. The shadow was gone. From somewhere a peculiar, hollow, rattling laugh sounded, then silence. I slowly bent over young Rothby. I listened to his heart, but he was dead. The next day all India knew that Judge Rothby's son was murdered. The Judge cabled us offering £10,000 reward for the capture of his son's murderer. But despite Imperial orders not to leave a stone unturned no clue was unearthed, and to make matters worse the fatal dagger disappeared. Three years later, in a church in the North of India, the dagger was found lying beside a candle, which burns at the side of the church for the souls of those who have departed.

MALCOLM CALDERWOOD.

In Memoriam

❖

MR. CRANSTON, B. A. (Manitoba)
Died January the 22nd, 1924
Virden, Manitoba

❖

EVERY human being fights the battle of life; some find it easy and others hard, yet always man must continue to wage that eternal strife. The awful struggle against death goes on all around, and at all times, but we never hesitate, nay, never so much as waste a thought upon it. It is the eternal fight in which more heroes perish without comment than in any war which man has yet created. Such a hero has but lately passed from our midst; one whom all loved and respected, and one who stayed at his post and fought his fight to the bitter end. It may be comparatively easy for some to fight against great odds, but for one who fought so courageously and so blithely, no recompense is great enough save that which he shall receive in Heaven.

Mr. Cranston was respected by all who benefitted by his teaching, and it is only just that we should endeavor to set up some memorial which will help us to remember the worth of one so brave and so untiring. May his example stand before us through our life as the most heroic deed of a most heroic man, and may his memory never perish for those who come after him.

—R. D.

The Play

ALTHOUGH the Shakespearean plays presented by the matriculation students of the school have always been successful and worthy of note, the play this year will live for ever in the memories of both the caste and the students of the Victoria High School. Months of patient toil and unselfish training on the part of Mr. Dilworth have produced results far beyond the expectations of the most enthusiastic supporters, and the audiences which filled the Auditorium on the 14th and 15th of March will always remember with satisfaction "The Merchant of Venice," produced in 1924. Besides the excellent work of the members of the caste, no mere words could be found worthy to praise Mr. Dilworth for his illimitable patience and wonderful ingenuity in placing one of Shakespeare's best plays before the public with such unquestionably good results.

But apart from the success of the play itself, and the splendid help of Mr. Dilworth, the associations of the production have tended greatly towards the consolidating of friendships formed by those who took part. The striving of a company of individuals toward some definite end, and the ultimate success of that venture, tends to bring us closer to the real things in life. The striving of mankind towards the goal of ambition and true-spiritedness, and the absolute necessity of co-operation and friendly feeling, could find no better beginning than it must certainly have done with the members of the caste which presented "The Merchant of Venice" this year.

* * * * * *

Speakers

During the past term we have been greatly honored by the presence of one of India's greatest speakers, to wit, Rev. Massih. Mr. Massih addressed the School on March the 13th, and I think we may venture to say without any hesitation that he received from the students the greatest ovation that has yet been given to any of our speakers.

Mr. Buckley, International Boys' Y. M. C. A. Secretary, also spoke to the School. His message was one of the greatest im-

portance, in that it concerned ourselves, who are the rising generation. He emphasized the necessity of starting life with some definite end in view, and some work to complete in the world. But he also laid stress on the fact that that same task should be of a just and upright nature; one that would not only serve to help us, but which should bring joy and peace to our fellow-men.

* * * * * *

Later on in the school-term Canon Bliss, of Seattle, spoke to the School on the appalling nature of the drug terror in the United States. He clearly revealed to us the horrors of this terrible disease, and I feel quite certain that those who heard Canon Bliss, will profit by his speaking.

* * * * * *

Mr. Paul

Mr. E. B. Paul, now principal of the Victoria College, has received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. We take great pleasure in being able to publish this fact, as Mr. Paul was a former principal of the Victoria High School; and we feel that the honor lately conferred upon him is in some measure, an honor to the Old School.

* * * * * *

The student body extends a hearty welcome to Miss Beckwith, Madame Reaney and Mr. Hughes, and also wishes to thank them for the splendid support they have given to various school activities since their arrival.

The Stars

Myriads of bright orbs within the sky,
Diana's fairest sprites in silver,—strewn
They gleam and cluster round her, far on high,
And rain their crystal beams about the moon.

As if fierce Thor, in his chariot borne,
And in good humour, has hurled far amain,
Into eternal space, each twinkling form,
To beautify at eve his vast domain.

Exquisitely beautiful do they seem,
When the wild storm has passed and clouds rolled by,
They scintillate as diamonds, and they gleam
With pearlish lustre to the gazing eye.

A million lovely gems, each with a light
Of fair celestial hue,—perhaps 'tis He
Whose purity doth glimmer through the night,
Reminding us that He doth watch and see.

R. J. SHANKS, Div. 5.

Portia Society

THE old order changeth, yielding place to new"—in everything that is worth while, according to Tennyson, and Portia is certainly no exception. On January 9th, an excited group of Portia members met to choose the new executive for 1924. But their excitement didn't spoil their choice, as is evident from the results, which are as follows:

President—Mary Ross.
Vice-President—Dorothy Dean.
Secretary-Treasurer—Joyce Jones.
Camosun Reporter—Phyllis Fetherston.
Matric Representative—Audrey Jost.
Junior Representative—Margaret Harris.
Prelim Representative—Margaret Fletcher.

The Prelim girls chose, on their day, to enlighten the society as to the lives and habits of the first inhabitants of British Columbia—the Indians. Their programme took the form of three legends. Millicent Umbach, Doreen Elford and Eva Henderson came through their initiation of stage fright and nervousness with flying colors, proving themselves indeed worthy of being members of the Portia Debating Society.

On January 23rd, Mr. Mackay gave a very interesting lecture on Edinburgh. It was much appreciated, as was shown by the hearty applause.

The programme for the next meeting was a debate:

"Resolved that Victoria should have a woman juvenile judge," when Phyllis Fetherston and Gwendolyn Verrinder, upholding the negative, were opposed by Joyce Maynard and Alicia Jackson. Since these learned debaters could come to no definite decision as to the merits or demerits of this officer—the result being a draw—it is self-evident that the only thing for the City Council to do is to give a woman judge a fair trial.

Four speeches made up the programme for February 6th. Marian Lee gave an interesting talk on St. Bernard Pass. Helen Hardiman contributed a description of Bath, and of that famous dandy associated with it, Beau Brummel. Audrey Jost thrilled her audience with the weird history of Holy Rood Castle, while Joyce Jones described Mont. St. Michel. While the judges, Miss McLeod and Mr. Haverstock, were making their decision, Margaret Fletcher and Rita Davidson spoke briefly on the subjects which had been discussed.

Mr. Hall very kindly consented to speak to the society on March 13th, on his travels in Europe. The library was filled to capacity with a crowd of interested girls, and when, at the close of the meeting, Dorothy Dean and Mary Ross moved and seconded a very hearty vote of thanks to the speaker, they expressed the sentiments of the entire audience.

The library, on February 20th, was the scene of a lively debate—"Resolved that man is improving physically and morally," when Reta Davidson and Margaret Fletcher satisfied their audience, and, it is hoped, their opponents, that "Every day, in every way, the world is growing better and better."

On February 27th Mrs. Gibson delighted everyone with a talk on the customs and education of Greek girls.

The meeting on March 5th was postponed on account of the basketball games, but on March 12th Miss McGregor spoke on "The Chinese Girl of To-day."

In closing, the executive and members of the Portia Debating Society wish to thank all members of the staff for their help, especially those who have occupied the tedious and often much-criticized position of judge.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell into the distance, I know not where,
Till a neighbor said that it killed his calf
And I had to pay him six and a half.
I bought some poison to slay some rats,
Till a neighbor swore it killed his cats,
And rather than argue across the fence
I paid him four dollars and fifty cents.
One night I sent sailing a toy balloon,
And hoped it would soar till it reached the moon,
But the candle fell on a farmer's straw,
And he said I must settle or go to law.
And that is the way with the random shot—
It never hits in the proper spot,
And the joke you spring, that you think so smart,
May leave a wound in some fellow's heart.

Inter-Class Debates, 1924

IN the past it has been the custom to hold, during the Easter-term, a series of inter-class debates for the Beta Delta banner. However, during the past few years these debates have been in abeyance. During this year there has been a successful attempt to revive this custom. The debates have been conducted with much spirit and efficiency. All have shown a great care in preparation and have been of great benefit, notably to the debaters but also to the audience.

At present only the Juniors have reached the finals in their divisions, Division 13 being successful in defeating all opponents. A particularly good debate was the semi-final between Divisions 13 and 14, the former supported by Walker and MacMurchy, and the latter by Skillings and MacDonald, on the subject of compulsory cadet instruction in the schools. In the Matric Divisions and Prelim the semi-finals have been reached. After Easter, 1 and 4 will debate for the Matric championship and 17 and 26 for the Prelim.

Cadet Report

Dominion Rifle League Miniature Rifle Results of the first two of the four monthly matches, January and February. Senior Team, average 94.12; Junior Team, average 82.67.

Individual Averages

Seniors—Kitchener, 98; J. Walker, 96; C. Ford, 96; E. Murphy, 96; A. H. Fraser, 95.5; C. Morrison, 95; W. Oliver, 94.5; E. Greenwood, 93; W. Smith, 92; R. Lawson, 91.5; D. Smith, 90.5; E. Moury (January), 90; C. Lendrum (February), 93.

Juniors—F. Child, 94.5; J. McKinnon, 94; Tobin, 91.5; Simmons, 90.5; I. Grant, 85.5; Huddlestone, 84.5; Tyrrel, 81; Nesbitt, 82.5; D'Arcy, 78.5; Heisterman, 77.5; Mallek, 72.5; Griffiths (January), 52; West (February), 77.

The following Cadets have won Dominion Marksmen Badges during the term:—Gold Badge—D. Smith, C. Lendrum, E. Greenwood, C. Ford, A. Walker, Kitchener. Silver Badge—R. Davis, W. Smith, W. Oliver, E. Murphy, E. Moury. Bronze Badge—McDonald, Whiteley, West, Darbyshire, Grant, McKinnon, Tyrrel, Huddlestone and Tobin.

The 10th Annual Cadet Ball will take place on Friday, May 2nd.

Social News

DIVISION 15 has had one hundred per cent. of its members organized for Red Cross work since October 22nd, 1923. The present division members took up the work laid down by Division 15 last June.

Since its formation excellent work has been accomplished, the outstanding being of course the sale held before Christmas, which netted $20.80. This was received by the Secretary in Vancouver with many thanks, as all donations are welcome.

At the meetings held every third Monday, members give interesting papers and business is carried on in true parliamentary fashion by the officers, who are as follows:

President—Madeline Sluggett.
Secretary—Phyllis Butler.
Treasurer—Jack Locke.
Hon. President—Miss Moore.

A delightful class party was held by Division 15, Victoria High School, at the home of Mrs. Jewell, Clarence Street, on Friday, March 7th. The rooms were festively adorned with the school colors. The evening was spent in dancing and in games. Music was supplied by a number of kind people—Miss Moore, Miss E. Roberts, Mr. R. Heard and Mr. B. Sims. Miss Rice was the guest of honor.

The girls of Division 10 have had a very gay time during the past month. They were entertained at the home of Miss Margaret Hurst on February 9th, and then again at Miss Ona Duncan's on February 29th. Among those present were Miss Hamilton, Capt. and Mrs. Boyd, and a few of the students attending the High School. Both evenings were pleasantly spent in music and dancing.

The one big dance of the season was the annual Beta Delta-Portia dance, given on February 8th by the members of the two debating societies of the School. Kinlock's Orchestra supplied the music, which was particularly good that evening.

Special thanks are due to Mr. Bouch for the delightful refreshments, and to the energetic floor committee through whose tireless efficiency not a moment was dull.

The guests danced in the gymnasium, which was attractively decorated with flags. The evening was voted a greater success, if possible, than the preceding dances held this school year.

* * * * * *

Miss Riddell

It is with great sorrow that the School loses Miss Riddell, who has been for a long time one of the most popular and respected teachers on the staff. For some years past Miss Riddell has suffered from ill-health, and has been forced at last to leave us on this account. The entire student body extends its wishes that she may enjoy the best of health in future years.

Girls' Chorus

ON Friday, March 28th, a concert was held in the Auditorium of the High School, by the newly formed girls' chorus, under the able direction of Dr. Hodgson. This is the first time that Victorians have had an opportunity of hearing, in this city, a choir trained by Dr. Hodgson, and in spite of the inclement weather the Auditorium was fairly well filled with a most enthusiastic audience.

Much credit is due to Dr. Hodgson for undertaking to train from sixty to seventy entirely untrained voices, and successfully producing such a finished programme as that which the girls put on at their first concert. At first, like most newly formed choirs, they were inclined to "drag," but Dr. Hodgson worked with them, until by the time they were ready for the concert, one couldn't wish for livelier singing.

At the first practice of the choir, eighty girls were present, but owing to illness, and some leaving, the choir dwindled down to an average of sixty-five. The night of the concert sixty-two girls were on the platform.

Dr. Hodgson, in four months, taught the choir twenty songs; some were in unison, the rest part songs. This was certainly a great undertaking for any man, but he was energetic and did it successfully. He inspired in all the girls much enthusiasm, and they were ready to do almost anything for him. So great is their love for him and what he meant to them, that those who pass out of the School will always remember Tuesday and Thursday afternoons as being some of the happiest while at the School, and those who remain are looking forward to the time when Dr. Hodgson will once more be among them.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Moore, who kindly offered her services, and who so ably presided at the piano, although at times it must have been most inconvenient for her to be present.

In addition to the chorus selections at the concert, vocal solos were rendered by Mrs. Godson and Gladys Marchant. Piano solos by Lucile Hall and recitations by Mary McFadden rounded out a pleasing entertainment.

ALYS DOWNARD.

Rules of the Road

(As translated from Japanese traffic regulations.) At the rise of the hand of a policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust-box at him. Go soothingly by, or stop by the roadside till he pass away.

Give big space to the festive dogs that make sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheelspokes.

CASTE OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

The Caste

THE Shakespeare play has once more come and gone, and this year's production is already well on its way to the body of history and traditions being built around the School. Much, I am sure, might be written from the performers' point of view concerning the weary weeks of training, of the drudgery at times, of the nagging of coaches, of the dogged perserverance required, of the unintentional comedy incidents which enlivened many a rehearsal, of the growing sense of personal mastery and poise,—but space will not allow, neither perhaps would the patience of Camosun readers extend toleration to such an effusion. However, it is only fitting in the School magazine, some tribute should be paid to the members of the caste, who gave so ungrudgingly of their time and energy to the making of the production a success. Without the untiring co-operative effort of every player, anything in the least degree creditable would have been impossible. And this is equally true of the various committees, business and catering; the girls who danced and those who sang, and played in the orchestra. Perhaps if one among all, should be singled out, it would be Sam Sivertz, the ubiquitous and indefatigable stage manager.

Of the individual actors some mention, though brief, must be made. The daily press has already paid well-merited compliments to the acting of Hope Leeming and Richard Diespecker, as Portia and Shylock respectively. Miss Leeming revealed grace, simplicity and poise of bearing which surprised everyone; while Diespecker presented a clever and carefully studied conception of the wronged and revengeful Jew. Sarah Rankin made a most charming Jessica, wistful and just a bit pathetic, sufficiently emotional to soar with keen gusto into all the things of life which had been denied her—the freedom, the masquerading, music, companionship and love. Her amorous husband, Lorenzo, was well portrayed by Alys Downard, who indeed "wore her dagger," with a brave grace. Special credit is due to Constance Ross for her clever reading of the role of Portia's confidante, Nerissa. In her acting were blended real charm, coquetry and a touch of playful vanity which captivated her audience. Amongst the boys, George Stark, as Bassanio, had perhaps the most difficult characterization. Such a character may so easily be overdone by a young actor that the very natural result of applying restraint is an undue stiffness. Stark deserves great credit for saving the role its dignity and beauty. "Dignity" recalls one to Antonio. George Knox was a conspicuous success in this character. His enunciation and bearing were entirely commendable. Although Walter Fletcher, as the Duke of Venice, suffered under the handicap of a costume which resembled nothing so much as a cross between a bath-robe and a papal cloak, he did remarkably well, and lent a note of dignity and solemnity to the trial scene.

The comedy motifs were very well sustained. Two of the most satisfying characterizations in the production were Gratiano and Launcelot Gobbo, played by Elmer Charlton and William Dickinson,

respectively. Launcelot's illogical chatter and fun-loving spirit won the affection and applause of the audience, as did the boastful banter and sharp railing of Gratiano. Both actors showed admirable freedom and naturalness in their parts, and many of us wonder at the acuteness which must have led to the assignment of these roles. Old Gobbo, the "true-begotten father" of Launcelot, was very skilfully portrayed by Neil McPhee. Equally successful was Jack Griffith's Balthazar, Ralph Fromson as Tubal, Dick Yerburgh as Salarino, William Locke as Salanio, and Bob Wallace as Leonardo—all played their lines well, and did space permit, deserve individual mention. Graham Coulter and Arthur Gray, as the Prince of Morocco and his swarthy attendant, added a touch of Oriental color to the play. Indeed, so handsome was Graham (in his make-up and costume, be it noticed) that more than one took him at first sight for a Persian princess "aux yeux languissants."

The general effect of the performance was very naturally enhanced by the dance, organized by Miss Rice; the incidental music played by the orchestra, and the pretty lighting effect and setting in the garden scene.

The game was certainly worth the candle, even, we are sure, from the point of view of those who had to spend most time and pains over it, and we hope in the interest of the school that the annual play tradition has now become so deeply entrenched, that it may never be discontinued.

—Contributed.

First Fly (In Post Toastie Box): "What's the rush?"
Second Ditto: "Don't you see this sign, 'Tear along this line.'"

* * * * * *

He: "Girls are prettier than boys."
She: "Why, naturally."
He: "No, artificially."

* * * * * *

Dad: "Son, what do you expect to be when you leave 'High'?"
Walter: "An old man, Dad."

* * * * * *

Mistress: "Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?"

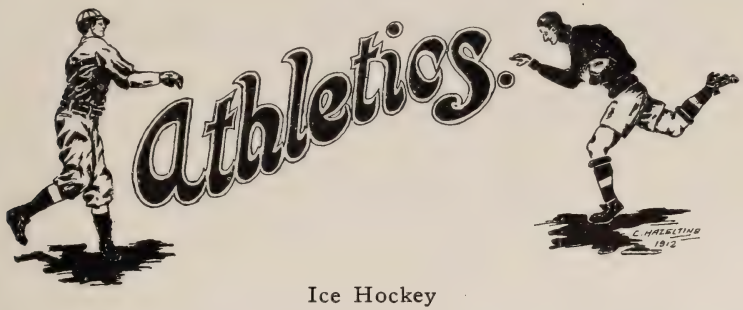
Maid: "Yes'm, at the post office. But I noticed that you'd put the two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and the five-cent stamp on the city one."

Mistress: "Oh dear, what a blunder!"

Maid: "But I fixed it all right ma'am. I just changed the addresses on the envelopes."

* * * * * *

Teacher: "Smith, are you the teacher?"
Student: "No, Sir."
Teacher: "Then don't act like a blithering idiot."



Ice Hockey

THIS year, in a good game, Victoria High defeated the Oak Bay squad in the Thomson Cup series by a score of 4-2. The play was clean throughout, the referee not handing out any penalties to either side. For Oak Bay the stars were Nelson and Goodacre, whilst for us Russell, M. Locke and Foster all made good showings.

By virtue of this victory, "High" gained the right to meet the winners of the Vancouver series in that city for the final.

On February 29th our team journeyed to Vancouver to meet the King George sextette in the final the following day. We received a surprise, however, when the referee, just before the game, informed us that fifteen minute periods would be played, and only two subs.

V. H. S. ICE-HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Monte Locke, Mr. Cook (Coach), Eaket, John Locke, Shanks
Front Row—Foster, Russell, Bill Locke (Capt.), McConnell, Little

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might be used. This proved a handicap as our boys were used to the regulation twenty-minute periods and the three men sub. game.

The battle started with a rush by the Vancouver forwards, who carried the puck to our blue-line, but were foiled by the sterling work of Russell and Foster on the defence. Realizing our back line invincible the King George boys were content to shoot from the blue line through our defense. After about five minutes McGregor netted a nice shot which completely foiled our goalie. Another was added later and the period ended without further score.

The second period, as regards play, proved a repetition of the first, in which Vancouver bagged three more goals. Our forward line could not seem to pull together, although individually the players shone. Monte Locke, Little, and Bill Locke all played well this period.

The third period found our boys with the grim look of "do or die" on their faces. Five goals to tie, and six to win, all in fifteen minutes was a tall order.

With the cheers of the excited crowd reverberating through the Arena, the third and final period commenced. Things looked brighter for us and after a fine solo rush Foster scored. Our hopes soared, only to fall when King George High tallied again, from the stick of Bill Henderson, popular Vancouver skipper. Later this player retired to the hospital for two stitches over his right eye, after stopping the

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puck on a wicked drive from Foster's stick. During his absence Foster scored again from a melee in front of the Vancouver goal. Directly after the game ended, King George High retaining the coveted silverware and the High School's Provincial Championship.

Our team was as follows: B. Locke, J. Locke, M. Lock, Foster, Little, Russell, Shanks, Eaket.

At noon our boys were the guests of King George High at a banquet at the Hudson Bay Company's store.

In the evening they were entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Robson Street.

Soccer

"High" this year entered an eleven in the Lower Island Junior championship. Unfortunately we were drawn against the "Wests," a much heavier and more experienced team, who succeeded in defeating us by the score of 1-0, and so eliminating us from the league, which was a knockout one. Thomas, Kennedy and Rickinson all played well for us, and we expect great things from them on the soccer field in future.

The inter-class championship of the School was won by Division 5. This division is composed entirely of boys, and naturally is the top-dog division in boys' athletics. In the Junior year the title was won by Division 14, whilst Division 22 carried off the honors in Prelim.

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Junior Rugby

Several Junior rugby games have been played this term, our team being successful in them all. The Juniors are very keen and good talent among them is very evident. Under the coaching of Mr. H. L. Smith the boys are progressing famously and should, next year, ably fill the gaps left by the departing members of this year's Senior team.

Boys' Basketball

This year Victoria High is the proud possessor of the snappiest quintette in the history of the School. So far they have not been defeated, and vanquished easily last year's five, who won the Thompson Cup for us.

Games with the College, Falcons and Normals have taken place, but on each occasion our boys emerged with flying colors.

The game with the "Normal" boys was particularly spectacular. In the first half our team seemed bewitched, nothing went right. Easy shots went wide and the boys could not get going. By half-time the score stood 16-0, Normal's favor.

With the resumption of play, however, the boys seemed to shake off their streak of bad luck. The shooting and combination became perfect, and Skillings, Ross, in fact all five boys, played like Trojans.

When the final whistle blew, we stood on the long end of a 32-16 score. This gives us some idea of what our team is capable of when the occasion arises.

Mr. Vermot Jones, coach, deserves great credit for his prowess in creating such a fine team, and his painstaking qualities which have brought the team up to its present standard.

Girls' Basketball

The season between Christmas and Easter has been one of varying fortune for both the Senior and Junior teams. In the City League the girls fought gamely and when they were overcome it was only by the superior weight or height of their opponents. The Senior team gained second place in the league, having lost to V. A. S. C. team which, it may be said, is composed almost entirely of ex-High girls; and to the V. I. A. A., which gained third place.

About Christmas the two "High" teams met in a league game and at the beginning it looked as if the Junior team would fly off with the honors, but in the second-half the Senior girls picked up and won by a score of 8-6.

During the Christmas holidays the girls' representative team (which includes the pick of both teams) met the Varsity Senior ladies from Vancouver. The Varsity girls had the advantage in their superior height and weight, but our girls gave the fans a surprise by scoring first and only relinquishing victory by one point to their speedy and worthy opponents from the Mainland. Score 9-8.

Between Christmas and now the Senior team has played in the following games:

High A vs. Normal, won, 9-8; High A vs. College, won, 14-13; High A vs. V. A. S. C., lost, 12-9; High A vs. V. I. A. A., lost, 10-16; High A vs. ex-Normal, won, 23-4; High vs. Telephone, won, 18-8; High A vs. High B, won, 8-6.

Also the Junior team:

High B vs. Normal, lost, 8-9; High B vs. College, lost, 4-11; High B vs. V. A. S. C., lost, 4-13; High B vs. V. I. A. A., defaulted; High B vs. ex-Normal, won, 14-10; High B vs. Telephone, defaulted; High B vs. High A, lost, 8-6.

Several friendly games have been played with Normal School, College, ex-High and the Fidelis.

The first game with Normal was mortifying in the extreme for our team in that they came out at the wrong end of a score 16-0. But, revenge is sweet, and in the return game our girls showed that they wouldn't bite twice from the same hook and won by a score of 19-16.

A friendly game was also played between the Junior teams of both "Normal" and "High." Our Juniors stepped lively and won the game.

College and High School met in a friendly game not long ago and our girls made the students of trigonometry look like D—. But they are worthy opponents, no matter.

The great friendly game was played on March 1st against the city champions, Fidelis. The High School team put up a great fight, but could not wrest a victory from the champions. Score 16-14.

The team is as follows: Centre, Iola Worthington; forwards, Peggy Watson, Audrey Jost (captain); guards, Betty Harris, Daisy King; spare, Hilda Styan.

Matric: "I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat."
Salesman: "Try this on, the mirror is on your left."

* * * * * *

Here lie two men whom we agree
Have worn the dumbells bonnet.
The first of them blew out the gas,
The other stepped upon it.

* * * * * *

"Say, there, black boy, can't yo' play honest? Ah knows what cards Ah done dealt yo'."

* * * * * *

Mother: "Did that young man kiss you last night?"
Daughter: "Do you think he came all the way from Sidney to listen to the phonograph."

* * * * * *

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."
"Yes, sir, it was ground this morning."

EXCHANGE.

NOW that the time has arrived we wish to tend our apologies to our exchanges for the unceremonious manner in which we neglected them last term. Owing to an unfortunate mistake in the estimates it was impossible for us to obtain enough copies for the exchanges. We feel sure that this mistake will not be repeated and we wish to thank those of our exchanges who continued to send us their publications in spite of the apparent carelessness on our part.

* * * * * *

The Hutch-in-sun: The Hutch-in-sun is one of our most interesting and original exchanges, and unlike some school weeklies its whole interest does not lie in the number of jokes it prints. Its literary articles show real ability and reflect a great deal of credit on the staff. We think, however, that an exchange column would add to the interest of its pages.

* * * * * *

The Adastrian: The Adastrian comes to us all the way from New Zealand and shows signs of careful and painstaking preparation in every department. In passing we may say that this is the first school magazine we have seen which does not contain a single advertisement. What a paradise for a business manager!

* * * * * *

The X-Ray: We like your Student Opinion section, and hope it will receive the support that it deserves from the students. Your exchange department is the most complete we have yet seen in any of our exchanges. An exchange list of 466 must have been quite a task to prepare but the results attained certainly justify the labor expended.

* * * * * *

The Camosun also wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: The Black and Red, The Lumberjack, The Beacon, MacMaster University Monthly, The Trinity University Review, and Pebbles.

DIVISION 1

In spite of our many and frequent engagements at 3.15, Matric A can boast of a few literary accomplishments. Among the most notable are the following:

"The Ruined City," by Dinah Might.
"The Higher Step," by Seymour Legg.
"The Unanswerable Question," by Ida Know.
"The Green Apple," by Iva Payne.

Mr. C——— (to student vainly trying to translate Virgil):: "Have you completed that Virgil you missed?"

Student: "Yes, I made it up."

Mr. C———: "It sounds like it."

Muston was heard reciting to himself in a doleful voice the following touching ditty:

"'She's a poem,' so they said,
I thought I'd go and see,
But when I saw her—what d'you think?
She was 'a-verse' to me."

* * * * * *

Flapper: "Did you find Eric Griffiths a little shy last night?"

Snapper: "A little? I had to pay the taxi-fare home!"

* * * * * *

Muston always used to rush into the room two or three minutes late every morning. Now he's waiting at the top of Camosun Street every morning as early as twenty minutes to nine! ———? Ain't woman's influence for good, wonderful?

* * * * * *

When the "Bat" was being shown in Victoria, the papers were greatly excited at the variety of articles left behind by theatre-goers in their excitement, books, umbrellas, gloves and false teeth being a few of the things on the list. We have a better "ad" for the Matric Play. It is rumored that a certain gentleman became so excited that he went over two miles on his homeward journey before he discovered that he had left his cork leg in the Auditorium.

DIVISION 2

(Heard in Room 24)—

Jean (puzzled): "Peggy, how does the tune of "Sleep" go?"

Chorus of snores from the back of the room.

Jean: "Oh, it's all right, I've got it!"

* * * * * *

"La Belle Dame de Saanich"

(With apologies to Keats)

"O what can ail thee, student mine,
Alone and palely loitering?—
The bell has rung ten minutes since,
'Tis time to sing."

"I come from Saanich, foolish child!"
She answered, quick and haughtily.
"I loiter palely as I choose,
Go hence from me!"

* * * * * *

Keats seemed to think quite a lot of Chapman's "Homer," but Division 2 offers something more worthy of praise; nothing less than "Chili's" translation of "French Life." For example, "Deux livres de boeuf roti" (two livers and a beefsteak). But then, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all ——," well, in all Victoria High at any rate.

Teacher: "Keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Miss Noel (making a hasty exit): "Just a minute, I left mine in my locker."

* * * * * *

A Dirge (with apologies to Tennyson)

Broke! broke! broke!
Sing it long and dolefully;
They took my last nickel for cocoa today,
And alas! what is left for me?

O well for the high school boy
That he shouts with his sister (?) at play,
If he had to buy his lunch at school
He would shout in another way!

And the stately staff moves on,
With no tho't for my luckless plight,
While penniless, starving, with home-work to do,
I die on the campus tonight.

* * * * * *

Rebellion in Room 23

Mr. Smith: "Diespecker, will you read please!"

Diespecker (reading from Kenilworth, in a savage voice): "No, by the rood!"

DIVISION 3

Notice to Division 3. Spring has come! The much heralded buttercups are here at last. Don't forget to be a little brother to the first one you meet.

Miss Verrinder, our notorious vampire, tiring of taming "notre trois bijoux," is now trying her talents on the wildest of the blood-thirsty blackberry bushes in the agriculture gardens.

Who says Division 3 doesn't possess mathematical genius? If anybody doesn't think so, let me refer him to Matthews, the talented young gentleman who so ably proves theorems by "hypo-tenuse," or Miss Dicker, who sweetly informed our maths. teacher that a concyclic quadrilateral was some kind of a point.

There's a saying, "There's room for improvement in the best of us." Evidently Jones thinks so, even in Euclid, judging from the weird, wild, and wonderful proofs he gives for some theorems.

* * * * * *

Could anyone tell us—

How Blagburn keeps awake long enough to get to and from school?

How many school activities Jones takes part in?

Where Miss Impey got her brains?

The number of victims that have fallen before the power of Miss Wilkie's eyes?

If Miss Pinder really expects to calm down enough to become a teacher?

How Miss Kato keeps her good-nature?

If Miss Stephens is as good as she looks? (Personally we think appearances are deceiving.)

How Prefect Hulke remembers to bring her master-key?

DIVISION 4

Member of Prelim Class on visit to the Parliament Buildings: "When are we going to see the red tape?"

Heard in the Lunch Room—

Montaldi (gazing into his cup of coffee): "Looks like rain today, doesn't it?"

Hall: "Yes, but it smells like coffee!"

Teacher: "Which month has twenty-eight days?"

Cresswell: "All of them."

Neall: "To whom was Minerva married?"

Mr. D———: "My boy, when will you learn that Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom. She wasn't married."

Chemistry teacher: "Can you all see that colorless blue flame?"

The members of Division 4 wish to congratulate those amongst them who assisted in the Matriculation Play, "The Merchant of Venice." We also extend a hearty vote of thanks in appreciation of the efforts put forth to produce such an excellent effect. Jessica, Bassanio, Morocco, Leonardo, musicians, all, accept the hearty congratulations and thanks of your Division.

To the Boys!

It has caused much consternation among the feminine creatures of Division 4, that certain of the male creatures have discovered the age old secrets which "Lend expression to the eyes." 'Nuff said!

DIVISION 5

Capt. Boyd: "Simpson, what are 'the children of the hours'?"
Simpson: "The minutes, sir."

Wanted!

A nurse to see that Calderwood gets from room to room in time. Apply Room 12.

Teacher: "When are you going to work?"
Tayler: "When I leave school."

Principal: "Didn't you get my letter?"
Expelled Student: "Yes, sir! I read it inside and out. On the inside it said I was expelled; on the outside it said, 'Return in five days'."

After the Play—
Dickenson (Launcelot): "Oh yes, he had a leading part in the Play."
McPhee (Gobbo): "What was he?"
Dickinson: "He was an usher."

DIVISION 7

During the term our athletic teams have done very well, the football team entering the semi-finals and the basketball team the finals. Although we were not the final winners, our teams played very well, reminded by the old song, "Play up, play up and play the game."

One of the Staff: "What are you doing?"
Student: "Nuthin'."
One of the Staff: "Don't over exert yourself, then."

DIVISION 9

Miss Ellis (the morning after the night before): "Miss Sayer had a grouch on last night."
MacDonald: "Is that what you call the thing she wore?"

What we think: You can always tell a Matric, but you can't tell him much.

"Let no one falter who thinks he is right."—Miss Wilken.

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew
—Miss Davidson.

"And e'en his failings lean to virtue's side."—That Boy Bruce.

Mr. ———: "If you fail at June will you know why?"

Miss Cruickshank: "I haven't an idea."

Mr. ———: "Right!"

Remember when Miss Fulers tried to remind us in a burst of eloquence that no one had ever seen the grandeur of a glowing sunset at dawn.

Division 9 also boasts a poet (unknown). Some samples:

"A newly captured horse thief,
Dangling from a tree,
In a whisper softly muttered,
This suspense is killing me."

"In a parlor there were three—
He, the piano lamp and she;
Three's a crowd there is no doubt—
So the piano lamp went out."

DIVISION 10

He (at phone): "I'd like to speak to Boo."

She: "Boo who?"

He: "Don't cry, little girl, I must have the wrong number."

Elsie Rose: "How do you like my masquerade costume? I am supposed to be a page."

K. McLaren: "Huh! you look more like a volume."

The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had annoyed Miss H———. "Class is dismissed," she said, exasperatedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."

After trying unsuccessfully to open the pantry door, where the cakes were, Mabel Harris turned to her sister and said: "It's no use, Margaret, none of those keys will fit."

"All right," said Margaret, resignedly, "we'll wait till mother comes home and ask for something for being good girls."

Church programme: "The choir will sing the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' after which there will be a collection for repairs to the roof."

"Which is the biggest diamond in the world?" asked Mr. C———.

Miss Hoffman: "The ace."

Often when conscience tries to speak, it finds the line busy.

"When I was shipwrecked, I came across a tribe of wild women that had no tongues."

"Good gracious! How could they talk?"

"They couldn't! That's what made 'em wild."

Miss E———: "Miss Hopkins, define a circle."

Miss Hopkins (humbly): "Please, Miss E———, a circle is a line without area, running round a dot forever."

Mr. E———: "Can anyone tell me the name of a tropical vegetable?"

Miss H——— (sleepily): "Bananas!"

Capt. B——— (during English period): "Can anyone tell me the meaning of pompous?"

Pupil: "It means full of pomp."

Capt. B———: "The meaning of gracious?"

Pupil: "Full of grace."

Capt. B———: "Then tell me the meaning of pious."

Timid Voice: "Please sir, full of pie."

DIVISION 11

Classroom Chuckles

Davies tells us, and it comes well from him, "Genius seems to thrive best when common sense is absent."

Certain members of our class pronounce French like a Chinaman imitating a Jew—but we would hate to say what they look like.

Mr. F——— (in History lesson): "Ross, who was Hammurapi?"

Ross: "H-a-m-m-u-r-a-p-i? Oh! yes, he was the first king of the Stone Age Empire, and invented the first cannon. He led a large army through the Sahara desert looking for the ten lost tribes, and so as to prevent his fleet from being wrecked off Mount Athos, he dug a ditch through Africa to Hudson's Bay — and — and introduced several income tax reforms, including archons, demagogues and ostracisms."

Mr. F. is not yet over the shock.

A ballad to Division 11 (by one of our budding poets)—

Like many little sparks from heaven
Are the boys of Division 11,
At Chemistry we do excell
And produce N_2 from HCl.
In history we know the cave-man's life
And the lady who was Pharaoh's wife;
In English know that Portia cried
When Julius Caesar, her grocer, died.
Sweet H_2S we make our toy
And all the pupils we annoy;
We drive them all out of the halls
And crack the plaster on the walls.
So you can plainly see
That in all our subjects we
Have grasped a knowledge of the truth
That makes our heads swell to the roof.

Introducing—

Davies, musical prodigy of our class. A second Paderewski, also budding chemist, able to extract H_2 from KCl.

Moury, the ladies' man of Division 11; called by rude people "The Sheik." Possesses startling knowledge of Physics.

Skillings, an orator of renown; can sway a mob like the wind sways a tree; a regular Mark Antony.

DIVISION 12

Our class is best of all that was,
Or is, or will be; it's because
The pupils in our class are those
Whom everybody eyes and knows.
Our teachers praise the work we do,
And though I will not say it's true,
It certainly is often said
Of every feat we are the head.
Our modest pens, as now you see,
Will write no more our eulogy,
But though most bashful in the land,
Applause we hear on every hand.
We know of a ratified fable!
The lady, by name of Miss Mable,
Has proved that her forte
Is a musical sort—
To talk just as fast as she's able!

Maths. Teacher (to pupil during Geometry): "You have a good figure, but I don't like your form."

About Miss Dempsey there's a rumour,
Which always puts her out of humour.
Miss Horner, too, is just the same;
They both appear to loathe the name—
The two of them, alas! alack!
Refuse to own their namesake, Jack!

One of the Matrics in the Auditorium: "If everyone else would do as I do and stand quietly at his place till everybody else has gone out, there would not be such a crush at the doors." [The wit of our Junior students is overpowering at times.—Ed.]

Extract from a History composition: "Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant."

DIVISION 13

Harris has a habit of waking up every fifteen minutes during periods, groaning something about "I love me," and going off to sleep again. When Harris sleeps he "tells the world," and we'll say it sounds like good sleep.

Bill Hardy is fortunate in having for his very own, a "thing" (we call it a "pile of scrap iron"; Mr. Cunningham calls it a "contraption," and Bill has the nerve to call it a "car") in which he comes to school. The car is continually lying down on the job and so it supplies its owner with an everlasting supply of excuses for being late or absent.

Miss King has evidently recently visited Boston, that charming city, famous for its baked and bobbed beans. Mary's has been bobbed, not baked. Yes, we do see a slight improvement.

Helen Gallie is an adept at two things: the "bluff" and the "puff." We said adept, well, we think she overdoes the "puff" part of it, but she certainly has the "bluff" down to a science. She makes special use of the fact in Room 10.

DIVISION 13

Miss Lee has the bad habit of coughing a great deal in Room 3. Accordingly, the teacher walked up to her after one of her spells and, in a very pitiful tone, said, "Are you very bad, Miss Lee; I'm so sorry to hear it. If you are not very, very careful, Ross Bay will be after you."

George Clark isn't very big and he doesn't appear to say very much, but if it is true that "Action is more eloquent than words," those sitting in front of him will bear me out in saying that "I bet they can hear George in China."

Ian McQueen seems to be dreadfully afraid to be alone, so he begs trouble to be his constant companion, and the outcome of it is that he's continually up to his ears in hard luck. Cheer up, Ian, we're all on your side.

We're proud of Jim Eaket. There are not many Juniors floating around who have been members of two "Rep" teams in one season. Jim has. He played cracking good Rugby a few months ago, and then he pushed himself into the Hockey Team. "Atta boy, Jim."

DIVISION 14

Notable men in Division 14—

Davis M. Carey. Just wait and see if you can find a nobler specimen of his kind. He comes in late, but grins it over, and the very next day he is late once more—

But if like he were all the boys,
This life would be crammed full of joys.

David Le Page (otherwise "Glue").

To all his classmates he can show
The Royal road to Learning,
But when it comes to lathe work,
He's rotten at the turning.

Dave Ogilvy (who, we are sorry to say, is leaving us). A more lively fellow you never did see. He does his work well, but thinks more about fun.

Gordon McElhoes (the Hon. President). Gordon finds that the best way to scare the solution out of an Algebra question is to exclaim "Oh, ho!" or "Ha!"

DIVISION 16

We were very glad to welcome Miss Carey back last month after her long absence since Christmas. We're glad you're back, Cathy, and hope you will be with us from now on.

DIVISION 19

Dorothy Scott—Class darling.

Ira Letham—Our chipmunk, always chattering.

Joyce Pillar—Finds other things to do in Room, than study.

Helen Thompson—"He who loves a rosy cheek," loves Helen.

Pearle Beare—She doesn't need to think, knowledge just comes.

Ethel Duval—Yes, we have no Latin today.

Margery Clarke—Like tempered steel—true.

Agnes Hood—More frequently present in spirit than in body.

Carol Stone—Class secretary and knows how to make the minutes fly.

DIVISION 20

Jackson (a Briton) and McLeish (a Scott) Trip(ped) blithely along a Stonier way through the Wood. At length, grown weary and Harris(ed) by hunger, they looked about for Plants. They had little success and had to satisfy themselves by gnawing a White Murphy which the Smith had given them. "I am not a strong Walker," sighed McLeish. At length the two lay down with no covering but a Brown McIntosh.

Bissell is our president,
A mighty good one, too;
We never need to worry—
He knows just what to do.

History Teacher (to pupil during lesson on Border skirmishes): "Moury, what are you and Scott doing?"

Sotto voce: "Skirmishing."

History Teacher: "Move your forces up to the front."

Bamford (in Room —): "It's hot in here."

Mr. ———: "Never mind, you will probably be in a hotter place some day."

Wood—"A chip off the old block." W. B(e) White—He is!

Step into Room 35 and visit our art gallery. It is made up of student's own illustrations of literary selections studied.

DIVISION 22

It is an established practice in Division 22 never to do today what you can do tomorrow.

Miss M———: "How is the drowsiness obtained in the poem, 'The Lotus Eaters'?"

Wallis: "By eating the Lotus.

During periods in Room 38, Tobin and Tyrrell work to the tune of "Barney Google," or something equally monotonous.

Mr. W———: "We have a new hydrometer here; will you see the density of this water, Wallis?"

Wallis: "1 gram per c.c."

Mr. W———: "Wheeler, will you see?"

Wheeler: "The thing says 'cheese.'"

Mr. W———: "Yes, you see it is a dairy hydrometer."

DIVISION 23

The members of our basketball team are getting their Easter hats several sizes larger than formerly. But can you blame them after having won all the games they have so far played?

Is Freda Cuming?
Is Hild a Barrow?
Is Evelyn Wil(s)son?

We want to know why, when a teacher asks us to read, he doesn't say, "Miss Matthew, will you read page 57, line 6, word 4? Think of the time and trouble it would save!

Wanted! Someone to demonstrate whether it hurts more to pinch your finger (while closing the door) by catching it in the hinge side or the other.

DIVISION 27

Hunter: "Why is your head like a typewriter?"

Homer: "Dunno!"

Hunter: "Because they are both 'Underwood.'"

One day as Miss Gillingham was walking in her beautiful garden she stooped and picked three pretty Violets and a Viola, but she could see neither an Iris, a Nora nor a Lily. Miss Gandy, her friend, was coming down the pathway, so they both went into the library to Reid. They read many books, including an account of Kitchener's life, a copy of Homer's works and an outline of Alexander's travels. Then they took a stroll in the woods and saw, under the Lim of a tree, a Hunter, who asked them if they would like an Olive—the Bold en! They returned to the garage and found that the Tyre of the Brown car was punctured, so they had to Borrow(a)man to fix it. After they had put the Corrin again safely, they walked towards

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the Parson's house to see if he was Marian anyone that day. The Welsh Barber, who had been sCowling on them for a while, asked them W(h)atson was named Malcom. Seeing Miss Heatherbell and Miss Bradshaw in the distance, they waited for them and all four went Bak home together.

DIVISION 28

As the teacher was walking along the corridor he saw Stewart Hill rushing down the stairs. The following dialogue ensued:

Teacher: "Hill, where are you going?"

Hill: "Please sir, Doug Lidstone has fainted and I am going to get the ambulance!"

Teacher: "Can't you bring him to?"
Hill: "What does he want two for, sir?"

Teacher (to H. Bell, who is quietly dozing in his seat): "Henry, what is work?"
Henry: "Everything, sir!"

Teacher: "What! do you mean to tell me this desk is work?"
Henry: "Yes, sir! Woodwork!"

Teacher: "Edward, do you know rule 38?"
Edward: "Yes, sir! What is it?"

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Douglas Lidstone is Sergeant of the Cadets of Division 28. One Friday morning he was busy drilling his squad, the members of which were quite unused to it—

Sergeant: "Form fours!"

Cadets look about them in quite a bewildered manner and do not move.

Sergeant: "Confound it, then; Threem threes!"

DIVISION 29

A in our class does not exist,
B for Miss Briggs, at the top of the list;
Also for Misses Butler and Brown and two Misses Bray,
Who are always both merry and gay.
C for Miss Campion, our typing champion.
Miss Davies and Miss Dewar, maids in our class,
E's and F's, we've none, alas!
G for Miss Greenwood and H for Miss Hill,
Always well and never ill.
J for Miss James and L for Miss Laukhamaan;
If you can't pronounce it, she can.
We've M's and we've N's and one O,
P's, R's, S's and one T, and what she does know!
Miss Westgate and Miss Watts,
Who know lots, and lots, and lots.

DIVISION 30

The members of Division 30 wish to express their regret at the departure of Miss Mary Allan and Alfred Sloan and to wish them every success in their new surroundings.

We also wish to express our sympathy for Mr. Lang, and hope that he will soon enjoy good health again.

We heartily congratulate Misses Elford, Henderson, Umbach, and Fletcher on their success in the Portia debates, and thank them for the many honours which they have won for the class.

Miss Macdonald (after Latin): "This is an awful world."

Miss Chapin: "Don't be a pessimist, be an optimist."

Miss Macdonald: "What is an optimist?"

Miss Chapin: "An optimist is one that makes lemonade out of the lemons handed him."

Miss B———: "We will take Tennyson's life tomorrow. Come prepared!"

In Room 35, learning new French song—

Captain Boyd: "What is the time?"

Thexton: "Nearly 2.30, sir!"

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DIVISION X

Lexington (speaking of the kidnapping of David): "He was hit on the head and the first thing he knew he didn't know anything."

Miss Watson (telling Miss Stuart of her vacation in Vancouver): "It was awful! Why, one day it rained for a week."

We take this opportunity of welcoming to our class Miss Watson, of Toronto; Miss Haggar, of Vancouver; Miss Gagson, of Calgary, and last, but not least, Jack Dunn.

A rumbling—
A stumbling—
Nobody cares.
It's only a Prelim,
Falling down stairs.

* * * * * *

Mr ———: "How do you make a paragraph run smoothly?"
Voice from the back: "Grease it!"

* * * * * *

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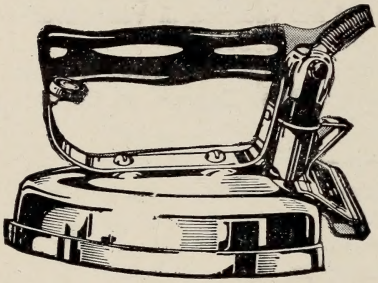

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  Is it near the top or low?
Well, what does it matter anyway,
  If you've watched the score and know?

The biggest men in the world today
  Began—and some jobs were mean—
But they won because they were willing
    to play
  The game out fair and clean.

They cared not a whit that the odds were
    long,
  For their faith in themselves was fine;
They faced the mark with a courage strong
  And headed straight for the line.

It's playing the big game right that pays,
  It's not what you win, but how,
So forget to regret the wasted days,
  Start right on a new one NOW.

Jane Bates, in "Forbes"

■ ■

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